

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH  
IN AMERICAN LIFE

# Information

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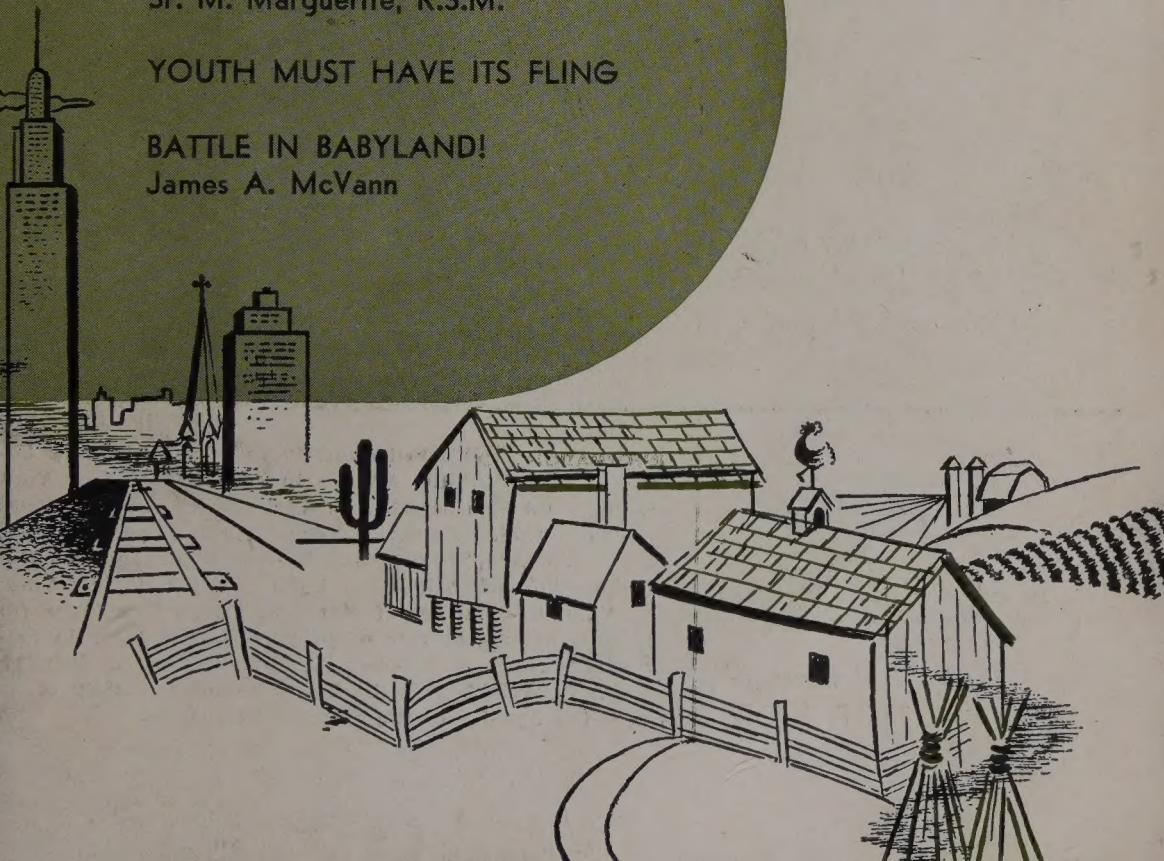
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## FEATURES

SISTER, WHAT'CHA DOING?  
Sr. M. Marguerite, R.S.M.

YOUTH MUST HAVE ITS FLING

BATTLE IN BABYLAND!  
James A. McVann





# Information

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## It Happened in Greenwich!

Eugenie Allen

My parents were against it from the start. They were good living people, but they had always been strongly opposed to any kind of religious feeling or religious practice. That was why my childhood was one of acute misery and embarrassment. I wanted to go to Sunday-school and to Church as my friends were doing. They laughed heartily when I managed to be confirmed in the Episcopalian Church. I came home to tell them about it, and my confirmation was the joke of the month for the household.

### Why'd You Do That?

When I was twenty, I got a job away from home, and then went through with what I had wanted all the time. I became a Catholic. This time, when I announced it at home, there was no more joking on the subject. I had been extremely foolish: each time I went to Mass, I went out

the door with a sarcastic quip ringing in my ears. It wasn't that I was particularly religious: I had the normal amount of failings: my prayers were filled with distractions: I wasn't a devout person: there was too much pull to the attractions of my parents' life.

### Smart Like Foxes

Then, I fell in with a group of people who were real Bohemians: they all lived in the Village, down below Fourteenth Street. They turned the trick my parents could never do. They amiably laughed me out of all my religious wonderings and groupings. Broadminded about everything, we had lots of fun. It was the easiest

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Mrs. Allen lives now in Connecticut. She and her family left Greenwich Village a few years ago, but after the events that occurred in downtown New York. Too, Mrs. Allen's name is not Allen.



thing in the world to find reasons to excuse me from prayers, for not attending Mass, for missing my Easter Duty. I looked at my friends through a rosy haze of glamour and they looked like perfect Good Samaritans, always ready to help me: never would they let me down.

### **Frou-frou and Stuff**

I was little Mimi, the gay Bohémée, gay and insouciant, happy, without a care in the world. Then, I met John, and it was a quick trip to the Justice of Peace. Marriage responsibilities? I had none of them. Love would cover all difficulties: take care of all the problems.

Somehow or other it didn't work out that way. To begin with, there's no fun in Greenwich if there isn't any money: you can't have fun in Bohemia without liquor, and without money you can't buy the stuff. Then, too, I found out that John wanted a housekeeper. I knew nothing about housekeeping, cared less for it. Our bitterest quarrels started over cleaning and polishing. Then, it became a two way affair, as I daunted him with remarks about the lack of money to pay the rent, to hire a maid, to take care of the house. "How can I even get started with this mess around me?"

### **"Let Him Go"**

Pretty soon, Mimi, the Bohémée, became Mimi the Martyr. The things he was doing to me. I went about pouring into any open ear all the

miserable confidences of our married life. One friend came up with a clear-cut solution to the whole problem. She suggested that I tell my parents the whole story, ask for an allowance for myself and the children. "Darling, don't stand up for it any longer." To further back up her advice, we went down to see her favorite fortune teller. The old crony favored the same action. "Tell your parents. Don't worry about the husband. Let him shift for himself."

I wrote to my mother and father. And they were shocked that I had stayed as long as I had. "How could you live so long with that man?" He had committed the unforgiveable sin—he had failed to support his family. My own family would get together and provide an allowance for myself and the children.

### **Common Sense on Christopher**

We were living on Christopher Street at the time. I wanted to go home: they had sent the money. I didn't go. Why? I don't know. I was still resentful at being called a slattern by John: he was mad, too, about my continuous reference to ne'er-do-wells. Perhaps, it was a friend of mine who had entered the Carmel: maybe she prayed. Possibly could have been another friend who wanted to help out. Oh, I don't know who was responsible. All I do know was that I made up my mind to get interested in my house-keeping, and to stay at it.

From that time, our quarrels were ironed out. I started to get back to my prayers. I eventually got back in the Church, received the Sacraments after I had our marriage fixed up. John began to realize that he had taken on a completely different wife: but he liked it. Too, John had gotten a steady job. One that he was interested in. After ten years of scratching, grace had gotten the best of us.

The righting of a marriage seems an easy formality. Believe me, it isn't. There were years of futile complaining; dreadfully mean acts on my part; the quarrels over the children; drinking; the waste of money. A simple statement by a woman in confession that she complained about her husband brings the help of the priest who puts her right about the duties of a husband and wife. My parrot-talk to a fortune teller would have brought separation and divorce if I had listened to it.

#### **"We Love Them, But . . ."**

My parents? That poor girl: really a fool. They see me very little now, even though they are fond of the

children. But, that they should be Catholic, and have a father who couldn't support them is too much.

But, I am a happy and peaceful woman. As I have tried to make our marriage more and more Catholic, our whole life has changed beyond recognition. Our friends have become a more stable type: our recreations are of a less bohemian kind: John has decided that his former Bohemian pals were pretty hollow after all. Our children have done well in school: they have good careers ahead of them. They have become Catholic: John hasn't as yet, but I am praying.

#### **My Sister Did It**

Sometimes I compare this happiness with what might have been my life if I had left John, as my parents wanted me to. One of my sisters left her husband: she thought him unsatisfactory. She has lived in regret ever since.

Ten years of civil marriage—ten years of Catholic marriage. Those are the two major phases of my life. There is no doubt in my mind which has been the happiest.

*A gem isn't polished without rubbing—nor a man without trials.*



# "TORCH-BEARERS"

Gerald C. Treacy, S.J.

In her usual, busybody, brittle fashion, *Life* recently resurrected a mothly canard of history for her reading public. It was that picture of a thin, aquiline-nosed, polished, mephistophelean character who goes by the name of *Jesuit*. *America*, edited and directed by those gentlemen, suggested the Luce editors have dinner with these Jesuits some evening, and definitely, after a talk over black coffee, they would realize the error they had made with their glib portrayal.

The man to have talked to them that imaginary night would be a Jesuit priest who recently celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a member of the society. Tall, thin, quiet-spoken, Irish-faced with gray streaked hair, Father Gerald Treacy, now retreat master at Staten Island's Manresa, could tell them much of Ignatian spirituality, Catholic educational philosophy, papal thought, and the life of grace. He has lived, learned, taught all of them.

It all started one dusty August 15th, in 1898. Fresh from New York's Xavier High School, a tired, excited young boy got down from a B. & O. train at Frederick, Md., to start his novitiate. He was fifteen at the time, and the next seventeen years were to be spent learning to be a Jesuit. After ordination came a teaching career at Boston College, Fordham University—then, a time in the army as a World War I chaplain. That finished, his administrative talents kept him busy at the ruling and handling of most of the Eastern houses of the Society. But, while all that was being accomplished, he had started out on his biggest job—the promotion of papal thought.

United States has been fortunate in that priests here have taken a world-wide lead in spreading and activating thought. But, among the Hussleins, Ryans, and Barrys, Father Treacy is outstanding by his study-club editions of papal thought, and his day-in-day-out selling of the papal message.

That influence is slowly seeping into all aspects of Catholic life. The fruit that comes of it will be due in a large measure to a Jesuit, Father Gerald Treacy, who is not at all like that caricature of *Life*.

*The gift of grace is always a mystery.  
But, no one in recent times has told  
its story better than this author.*

## One Sunday in New York

Thomas Merton

Mark Van Doren gave the poems to New Directions Press. Owner, manager, chief editor, James Loughlin, liked them, decided to publish them. However, before doing that, he slipped a few to the editors of the *New Yorker*. They liked them, too, and pretty soon next to stories by John O'Hara started appearing poetry about God, the religious life, impressions of New York. The name of the author was Thomas Merton, Columbia graduate, Trappist monk of the Kentucky abbey. On October 4th, Harcourt, Brace will publish the *Seven Storey Mountain*, which is Merton's readable auto-biography. The two pieces that follow are taken from it.

I called up my girl and told her that I was not coming out that weekend, and made up my mind to go to Mass for the first time in my life.

The first time in my life! That was true. I had lived for several years on the continent, I had been to Rome, I had been in and out of a thousand Catholic schools and churches, and yet I had never heard Mass. If anything had ever been going on in the churches I had visited, I had always fled, in wild Protestant panic.

### Trample Me Down

I will not easily forget how I felt that day. First, there was this sweet,

strong, gentle urge in me which said: "Go to Mass! Go to Mass!" It was something new and quite strange, this voice that seemed to prompt me, this firm growing interior conviction of what I needed to do. It had a suavity, a simplicity about it that I could not easily account for. And when I gave in to it, it did not exult me, and trample me down in its raging haste to land on its prey, but it carried me forward serenely and with purposeful direction.

That does not mean that my emotions yielded to it altogether quietly. I was really still a little afraid to go to a Catholic Church, of set purpose, with all the other people, and dispose



myself in a pew, and lay myself open to the mysterious perils of that strange and powerful thing they called their "Mass."

God made it a very beautiful Sunday. And since it was the first time I had ever really spent a sober Sunday in New York, I was surprised at the clean, quiet atmosphere of the empty streets uptown. The sun was blazing bright. And at the end of the street, as I came out the front door, I could see a burst of green, and the blue river and the hills of Jersey on the other side.

#### **Empty Streets . . . Quiet Shadows**

Broadway was empty. A solitary trolley came speeding down in front of Barnard College and past the School of Journalism. Then, from the high, gray expensive tower of the Rockefeller Church, huge bells began to boom. It served very well for the eleven o'clock Mass at the little brick Church of Corpus Christi, hidden behind Teachers College on 121st Street.

How bright the little building seemed. Indeed, it was quite new. The sun shone on the clean bricks. People were going in the wide open door, into the cool darkness and, all at once, all of the churches of Italy and France came back to me. The richness and fulness of the atmosphere of Catholicism that I had not been able to avoid apprehending and loving as a child, came back to me with a rush: but now I was to enter into

it fully for the first time. So far, I had known nothing but the outward surface.

#### **Eclectic—But Not Perverted**

It was a gay, clean church, with big plain windows and white columns and pilasters, and a well-lighted sanctuary. Its style was a trifle eclectic, but much less perverted with incongruities than the average Catholic church in America. It had a kind of seventeenth-century, oratorian character about it, though with a sort of American colonial tinge of simplicity. The blend was effective and original: but although all this affected me, without my thinking about it, the thing that impressed me most was that the place was full, absolutely full. It was full not only of old ladies and broken-down gentlemen with one foot in the grave, but of men and women and children young and old—especially young: people of all classes, and all ranks on a solid foundation of workingmen and women and their families.

#### **Pretty, Fifteen, Kneeling**

I found a place that I hoped would be obscure, over on one side, in the back, and went to it without genuflecting, and knelt down. As I knelt, the first thing I noticed was a young girl, very pretty, too, perhaps fifteen or sixteen, kneeling straight up and praying quite seriously. I was very much impressed to see that someone who was young and beautiful could



with such simplicity make prayer the real and serious principal reason for going to Church. She was kneeling that way because she meant it.

The sanity and wisdom of non-Catholic Mark Van Doren—Joyce's description of Hell in *Ulysses*—the poems of William Blake—Bramachari, Indian delegate to the World's Congress of Religions—the imprimatur on Gilson's *Spirit of Medieval Philosophy*—a Jew by the name of Robert Lax, a kind of Hamlet and Elias—Dillon's on Sixth Avenue—the Franciscans on Thirty-first Street—Dona Eaton on 112th Street—Daniel Walsh of Manhattanville—Father Moore of Corpus Christi Parish.

There is no pattern in conversion. That is why each convert story is always a new one. Yes, it's necessarily the miracle of God's grace and the individual human finding his proper home. But God's grace like God Himself works in infinitely different ways. Just as in an accidental geographical way, conversion takes a man from Paris to London to New York to Gethsemani (Merton's life), so the journey the man follows intellectually and volitionally is just as varied. We forget, however, that there is one point that never changes in these stories—the conclusion is the same in each: "I want to become a Catholic."

I had my thesis to type out, and a lot of books to read, and I was thinking of preparing an article on Crashaw which perhaps I would send to T. S. Eliot for his *Criterion*. I did not know the *Criterion* had printed its last issue, and that Eliot's reaction to the situation that so depressed me was to fold up his magazine.

### War Days in England

The days went on and the radios returned to their separate and indi-

vidual murmuring, not to be regimented back into their appalling shout for yet another year. September, as I think, must have been more than half gone.

I borrowed Father Leahy's life of Hopkins from the library. It was a rainy day. I had been working in the library in the morning. I had gone to buy a thirty-five-cent lunch at one of those little pious kitchens on Broadway—the one where Professor Gerig, of the graduate school of

French, sat daily in silence with his ancient, ailing mother, over a very small table, eating his Brussels sprouts. Later, in the afternoon, perhaps, about four, I would have to go down to Central Park West and give a Latin lesson to a youth who was sick in bed, and who ordinarily came to the tutoring school run by my landlord, on the ground floor of the house where I live.

### **Tennis Courts—Raindrops**

I walked back to my room. The rain was falling gently on the empty tennis courts across the street, and the huge old domed library stood entrenched in its own dreary grayness, arching a cyclops eyebrow at South Field.

I took up the book about Gerard Hopkins. The chapter told of Hopkins at Balliol, at Oxford. He was thinking of becoming a Catholic. He was writing letters to Cardinal Newman (not yet a cardinal) about becoming a Catholic.

### **A Voice Pushes**

All of a sudden, something began to stir within me, something began to push me, to prompt me. It was a movement that spoke like a voice.

"What are you waiting for?" it said. "Why are you sitting here? Why do you still hesitate? You know what you ought to do? Why don't you do it?"

I stirred in my chair, I lit a cigarette, looked out the window at the

rain, tried to shut the voice up. "Don't act on impulses," I thought. "This is crazy. This is not rational. Read your book."

Hopkins was writing to Newman, at Birmingham, about his indecision.

### **Get Up!**

"What are you waiting for?" said the voice within me again. "Why are you sitting there? It is useless to hesitate any longer. Why don't you get up and go?"

I got up and walked restlessly around the room. "It's absurd," I thought. "Anyway, Father Ford would not be there at this time of day. I would only be wasting time."

Hopkins had written to Newman, and Newman had replied to him, telling him to come and see him at Birmingham.

### **Broadway Again**

Suddenly, I could bear it no longer. I put down the book, and got into my raincoat, and started down the stairs. I went out into the street, I crossed over, and walked along by the gray wooden fence, towards Broadway, in the light rain.

And then everything inside me began to sing—to sing with peace, to sing with strength and to sing with conviction.

### **A Bell and a Wait**

I had nine blocks to walk. Then I turned the corner of 121st Street, and the brick church and presbytery



were before me. I stood in the doorway and rang the bell and waited.

When the maid opened the door, I said:

"May I see Father Ford, please?"

"But Father Ford is out."

I thought: well, it is not a waste of time, anyway.

And I asked when she expected him back. I would come back later, I thought.

The maid closed the door. I stepped back into the street. And then I saw Father Ford coming around the cor-

ner from Broadway. He approached, with his head down, in a rapid, thoughtful walk. I went to meet him and said:

### **That Some Ending . . .**

"Father, may I speak to you about something?"

"Yes," he said, looking up, surprised. "Yes, sure come into the house."

We sat in the little parlor by the door and I said: "Father, I want to become a Catholic."

1 1 1 1

## **It's Magic . . .**

*My wife and I recently agreed on a snappy new philosophy of living for our family. We are trying to realize that heaven is our true country, that we are strangers in a strange land, traveling on a temporary visa that may be revoked at any time.*

*We are like people from Mars. We travel light. We do not map out any long-range Five Year Plans. We are not familiar with the latest radio sensation, latest novel, or movie. Instead of going on vacation, we go on pilgrimage. Instead of buying luxury clothes, we buy practical clothes that can later be sent to needy families in Europe. We are out of step with modern civilization because we have learned to love the Church, the Sacraments, the Liturgy. We speak a strange and unfamiliar language. We are devoted to Our Lady instead of to Rita Hayworth.*

*I do not know whether we will succeed in our new family program. But we will know that we are making definite progress when people point to us and say: "Pay no attention to them. They're Catholics—odd, queer, eccentric. They're out of this world!"—John J. O'Connor in "The Marianist."*

*Sister Chrysostom thought she would make some bread pudding. Dry and heavy, it took four days to get rid of it. That was only one of our difficulties.*

## Sister, What'cha Doing?

Sr. M. Marguerite, R.S.M.

The school was ready, but the convent had not been completed. Contrary to the occasional pastor method of building himself a more stately mansion (oh my soul!) and leaving his outworn dwelling for a community of nuns, the pastor this time had decided to reconstruct the former church for the sisters' home.

### **Rarin' to Go**

It was not ready, but the school had been completed, and the children were rarin' to go; at least the parents were rarin' to get them from underfoot. Would the sisters come anyway, to start their new mission? Yes, they would; but where were they to live? Arrangements could be made.

### **Just a Little Cramping**

The owner of a corner house would rent for four months. By that time, the convent would surely be finished and furnished. His lit-

tle two-story house would hold a chapel, kitchen, refectory, and parlor (named in the order of their importance) and with a little cramping four sisters would also find sleeping accommodations there.

There were nine of us—eight in the originally appointed community, and I. I was supernumerary — appointed to stay at this particular convent because it was convenient to university and library. All I had to do was to help out with a few music lessons, do the secretarial work for the superior, and take the seventh grade about a half hour each day, while the seventh grade teacher came over to the convent to start preparations for lunch. All the rest of the time, I could work on my dissertation, except when the superior,

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Sister Marguerite teaches now at Mount St. Agnes, Mount Washington, Md. Despite a heavy schedule, she finds time for outside writing: this piece was done for the *Saturday Review of Literature*.



who was ode-conscious, would ask for rhyme and rhythm to celebrate specific occasions.

### **Yes, Sister . . . Yes, Sister**

Wouldn't I write an ode to be sent to the motherhouse, where they were celebrating Sister Cordelia's golden jubilee? And an ode for the Visitation Nuns, who lived nearby and who had been so kind and sisterly in lending us sacristy equipment? And an ode for the Good Shepherd Nuns, who were giving a play to commemorate the establishment of the Magdalens, and had invited us to witness it and to stay to supper afterwards? I would, and did.



### **Boiling Water and Genius**

I once saw a cartoon entitled "Circumstances under which a masterpiece is produced." It was a picture of a woman teetering on her chair over a rickety typewriter. A baby on the floor was plucking at her skirts. The plaster was falling from the ceiling in one corner, and in another a spider was building his winter home and fly-trap. The telephone was ringing. A pot on the kitchen stove was boiling over.

### **Breathing for a Fact**

Who was I, then, to complain of distractions? There were no cobwebs, no falling plaster, no baby: and if the pot boiled over and the telephone rang, well, these interruptions sometimes gave a breathing space, during which I recalled a fugitive phrase or fact for which I had been racking my brain.

It was not only the odes that added to my occupations. Once in a while during the dry process of compiling a thesis there would seethe and simmer ideas that simply "must out." And once in a rarer while these ideas were accepted. When that happened the enthusiastic community would spend (in theory) the possible stipend many times over before it was even received.

And we did need money. As in all beginnings, there was not sufficient capital for unforeseen expenses. We had many poor in the parish, and the wealthier members had not

yet awakened to the fact that here was a worthy way of making for themselves friends of the mammon of iniquity. One of our members had the hopeful thought of writing to her father for funds, but his reply, stating that when he gave up the pleasure of his daughter's company, he also gave up the privilege of paying her bills, discouraged any further effort along those lines.

### **Lines of Heated Buckets**

Now, with all this digression, I have left the remaining five of us still bedless. I must get to that next. The owner of the grocery store across the street had offered his whole second floor for the use of the sisters; that is, the whole of the second floor that was not taken up with packing cases and excess stock. It was really quite a spacious little dormitory—but there was no bathroom. The sisters in the grocery group heated buckets of water in the temporary convent kitchen, and took them across the street for nightly ablutions at their bedside.

### **Too Much Inconvenience? Oh, No!**

There was not too much inconvenience: the school was on the opposite corner, the church only half a block away, and the whole arrangement was only temporary, anyway. True, the two-story house was equipped for heating with coal, and no supply of coal had been put in, but surely it would not be needed

before the sisters moved to the new convent. "When we move to the new convent" got to be the introduction to many a blissful discussion.

### **Sally Smelly**

But the cold weather did set in—and then the community was provided with an oil stove—old type, with a circular wick and a tank. It gave forth more odor than heat. Sister John christened it Sally Smelly. It was a toss-up whether you could stand the cold or the smell: you took turns standing both.

### **Step Ladder for a Seat**

There was other furniture, of course, besides the stove; but not much. And the stove did get a large share of honorable mention because it so persistently declared its presence. There were, for instance, six





chairs and one stool. In order to seat the community all at once, we supplemented with a collapsible step ladder and my typewriter case. I, being light of weight, sat on the typewriter case, lest it prove more collapsible than the ladder. Fortunately, the whole seating equipment was portable, hence used in the chapel as prie-dieux, in the refectory as prandial supports, and when a Sister had a visitor she brought her own chair and the visitor's chair to the parlor. If the visitor commented on this arrangement, she was invited to contribute toward the furnishing of the convent. The school, of course, was well equipped: plenty of desks and chairs, but they were nailed down.

#### **A Dark-Cloaked Figure**

Once when the five in the grocery-store contingent were crossing the street after night prayers, they noticed a dark-cloaked figure that slipped from behind a tree to the corner of the building as they approached. Then they lost sight of him, and, fearing it was some marauder who would waylay them up the dark narrow stairway by the side of the store (they always feared that, even without the presence of the sinister figure), they thought it wise to report to the rectory behind the church. As it happened, the priests were out on sick calls or social calls; only Black Marshal and old Father Brenner were at home.

Black Marshal, who answered the door, reported their difficulty to Father Brenner, and the Sisters heard his answer: "Tell them I will remember them in my night prayers. They will be safe." So, armored with remembrance in an old priest's night prayers, they proceeded to bed—and were indeed safe.

Came Thanksgiving. Came to Sister Elizabeth the laudable inspiration to bake a pumpkin pie. But how? The kitchen stove boasted two gas burners and no oven. She found the furnace was the answer. Enough coal was brought in by the children to kindle the fire and acquire a hot bed of coals. Into the glowing depths she thrust a shovel on which reposed the pie. Of course, the arrangement necessitated her holding it there until the crust was done and the custard congealed. We declared it was the best pie we ever ate.

#### **Pity, by Chrysostom**

The success of her efforts inspired Sister Chrysostom to make the next dessert—bread pudding. That was practical, because there was lots of bread, and eggs were not too scarce. Lots of bread went into the pudding, too, and it looked as though her generous efforts might furnish dessert for many a day to come, especially as the pudding was somewhat dry and heavy, and only a little bit sufficed. We soon realized that not by bread pudding alone doth man—or maid—live, and we were quite frank

in our criticism. She said: "All right, the next time I take pity on you people. . . ." Irrationally, that was all we needed to supply a name for the dessert, and henceforth it was called "pity." We had pity unadorned the first day; we had pity heated over and served with custard the next day; and then for variety we had pity snowed in beneath a top layer of meringue. Finally we served pity to the birds, and the cat, and the neighbor's dog. After that, when Sister Chrysostom offered her services, we found some other job for her to do, and we had apples for dessert.

### **The World Was Short**

Shortly after Thanksgiving, the whole parish sprang into activity. It was during the First World War, and the world was short of help, short of materials, short of many things, but the parishioners decided that in our little world there was no excuse for the Sisters living so haphazardly any longer. So the men of the parish contributed their services after their working hours. Partitions were set in place, painters arrived, plumbing was installed. The ladies went over in the daytime to see about curtains and other house-wifely details.

### **A Practical Pastor**

Finally came the day when we were ready to move. The pastor was a man of practical ideas. He went through the school, beginning with

the first grade, and dismissed the children, telling them the Sisters had to have the day free to move into their new home. And when he got to the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades, he suggested that the classes spend their holiday helping the Sisters to carry over their goods and effects.

A sort of brigade was formed. The Sisters divided their forces, some remaining in the substitute convent to dismantle whatever was portable, the others going over to the new convent to direct the equipment as it arrived.

### **The Kids Loved It**

The main difficulty was to keep the boys from carrying too heavy burdens too quickly—to the damage of their growing muscles as well as to the furniture. They persuaded us, though, that they could actually manage even the beds—in pieces. In order to prevent too great a commingling of parts, the Sister-dispatchers labeled the pieces as they were picked up, and the important young voices announced: Sister John's head; Sister David's sides; Sister Regina's foot to the Sister-assemblers in the soon-to-be cloistered cells.

### **Private Affair**

So efficiently were things expedited that by noon the moving was done. Then we began really to appreciate the spirit of the parish that had finally begun to appreciate us. Some



of the ladies had prepared for us our first meal in the new home. They invaded our kitchen with trays, pots and pans, and frilled aprons. They insisted they were going to do all the work, even the serving, but we assured them that now we were really becoming conventualized, our partaking of nourishment was a decidedly private affair. We would do the serving ourselves, and then, since they did not mind eating under observation, we would serve them in the lovely shining new kitchen.

### **I, the Supernumerary**

Before the end of that year, we were as fully established as if we had been there for years: stained-glass windows in the chapel, rubber runners along the hardwood, highly polished corridors, a beautiful set of parlor furniture donated by the Chi-

nese Embassy, a cheerful, sunny community room, and each cell well equipped for study and comfort and privacy. It was my joy that I, the supernumerary, could, out of the proceeds from my writings, pay for some tiny little details: a bell for the refectory, a vase for Holy Mother's altar, an electric iron for the sewing room.

### **Those Old Days . . .**

We often talked of the "old days." The superior's remark: "I believe we were happier then than we'll ever be in more comfortable circumstances" was scouted at, because all along we were as happy as we could be anyway.

But it remains true that there is a jubilant exhilaration in privations that nothing else can furnish. We know from experience.



## **Teachers Are Foolproof?**

*The class, composed mainly of veterans, was taking a psychology exam. One bright boy, who literally knew all the answers, began tapping them out in Morse code. But seconds later an answering tapping came from the instructor's desk. "Too bad, boys; I was in the army, too."—Mundelein College Review.*

# **FAMOUS COME-BACKS**

## ***Camillus—Specialist in Gambling***

His father was a rowdy fellow—a lustful, swashbuckling soldier of fortune. His mother was a gentle, prayerful woman of noble birth who feared that her son would inherit his father's vices. And for the first twenty-five years of his life, Camillus de Lellis justified her fears. He was a product of the camp and as worthless as his father.

### **We Kill for Money**

Camillus, who was born in the kingdom of Naples in 1550, lost his mother when he was only thirteen years old. After her death, he and his father became boon drinking and gambling companions.

Then the father was struck with his last illness. As the old fighter lay dying, he called for a priest. From that Camillus learned a lesson. His father's repentance proved that the kind of life the two of them had been living was all a mistake.

### **Seven Come a Eleven**

He tried the Franciscans, but they refused him. Angry, he went back to the old life. Soon the condition of his leg forced him to enter the hospital. In return for the medical treatment he received, Camillus worked as an orderly. But he almost turned the hospital into a gambling-den. He was quickly dismissed.

A soldier lamed by a scratch, Camillus was living like a tramp until he took a job as a common laborer building a new monastery for the Capuchins. God offered him the grace of repentance through the sympathetic words of one of the friars, and Camillus eagerly accepted. He was then twenty-five years old.

### **Snake-eyes in Years**

His life had been short in years but long in sin and suffering. The suffering continued. Refused by cloistered orders he took voluntary penance by forty years of caring for the sick—often for twenty hours a day. He founded a religious order of men to serve in hospitals.

And as he dragged himself from bed to bed, *Saint* Camillus de Lellis, specialist in gambling, limped into sanctity.

John Ziegler



# Parishes

Jerome P. Hollard



*Did you know that  
the Parochial school  
is the American school?*

## No, My School Is Best !!

The Catholic parochial school system in the United States is unique. There is nothing quite like it anywhere in the world. It is the result of the faith, the genius and the generosity of the masses of American Catholics. The original inspiration, the leadership, the organization, *and financing* are all the work of common people in the United States. They are giving expression not only to their religious idealism, but also to their popular, democratic will and their adherence to traditional American principle.

### Doing What Comes Naturally

To those of our non-Catholic neighbors who still remain unconvinced of the value of the parochial school to America, and perhaps, to some of our own ill-informed Catholics, such a statement may come as a surprise. Nevertheless, it is true. The Catholic masses in the United

States have always accepted as naturally as their non-Catholic neighbors the principle that the education of the masses is the basis of democracy in action. The parochial school is dedicated to the education of the masses as thoroughly and completely as is the public school system. The parochial school is a *popular* American phenomenon. It is of the people, by the people and for the people.

### Nothing New—Old Stuff

The traditional American school is a religious school. The secularist public school which divorces religion and education is a recent phenomenon in American educational history. It goes back not much more than fifty years in theory and much less than fifty years in practice. From the foundation of this Republic, the American school was a denominational school, dedicated to the

education of its students in accordance with the religious tenets of its sectarian sponsors. It is only since the turn of the century that the non-religious public school has supplanted the traditionally religious American school. Actually, it was the denominational character of the early American public school which inspired the foundation of the Catholic parochial school. The developments of recent years have produced a public school system which, in its secularist character, has moved further and further away from the tradition of American education, while the parochial school, in its religious character, has kept faith with American educational tradition. The parochial school is a *traditionally American* school.

#### **No Matter the Name, It Just Is**

It is important, for the enlightenment of non-Catholics, that the democratic, American character of our parochial school system be emphasized. To this end, Catholic educators in recent years have preferred to speak of Catholic schools as "religious public schools" rather than as "parochial schools," since, somehow, the idea of "parochial" schools, by reason of persistent anti-Catholic propaganda, does not sit well with public opinion. But, by whatever name we choose to call them, our Catholic schools are popular and traditional American schools and no opportunity should be neglected to im-

press that fact upon the general American public.

#### **Testimony by Bentley**

Two more or less recent developments have worked to the distinct advantage of the acceptance of the parochial school as an American institution. The first is the challenge of Communism. Communism is the antithesis of Catholicism. The one denies the basic human freedom of the individual while the other insists upon the rights of the individual as the child of God. There can be no subversion in a Catholic school. There can be no Communism in a Catholic school. Even those who are most opposed to the parochial school idea for one reason or another will not deny the fact that the parochial school is a solid educational bulwark against the spread of Communism in the United States. At this moment when Congressional investigations are revealing the treason of native Americans to their own country under the inspiration of Communist ideology, the importance of American education free from Communist influence cannot be overestimated. It is significant that Elizabeth Bentley, whose revelations of Soviet spy intrigue shocked the American public, in a radio broadcast attributed her acceptance of Communism to the lack of proper education in American democracy. From a purely American viewpoint, the parochial school is now revealed as an ex-



tremely valuable American institution.

### **Lament by Gauss**

The second development which points up the value of the parochial school as an American institution is the unfortunate decision of the Supreme Court of the U. S. in the McCollum case. The ramifications and the implications of this decision and its overall effect on American education cannot yet be fully estimated. However, they are so serious as to cause concern to many American educators. Dean Christian Gauss of Princeton University, for one, considers the effects of this decision so far reaching as to demand of the American people and especially of American educators the immediate facing and solving of the problem of teaching religion in our public schools. He points out that "in this case the Court seems to have gone farther than in any previous decision towards nationalizing our school system."

### **It Can Happen Here**

The Dean is of the same mind as one of the Justices of the Court in believing that the Court, by this decision "constituted itself a super-board of education for every school district in the nation." The dire implication is that, captured by the Communists, such a board would exercise a disastrous control over the American mind. What is now hap-

pening in Hungary and Roumania where the Communist governments have seized control of the school systems could easily happen here. The American parochial school, as do its counterparts in Hungary and Roumania, will stand as the most effective check and challenge to such Communist domination.

Again quoting one of the concurring Justices of the McCollum decision, Dean Gauss states a fundamental educational principle which is primary in the parochial school system. "One could hardly respect a system of education," the Justice said, "that would leave the student ignorant of the currents of religious thought that move world society, for a part of which he is being prepared."

### **All Night Long . . .**

The acute shortage of educational facilities in our Catholic school system at the present time, brings the parochial school to the forefront in discussions between Catholics and non-Catholics. When as happened recently in New York, parents will stand on line all night long to wait for a chance to register their children in a parochial school, something is happening on the American scene which demands attention. Our Catholic people must be prepared to give adequate information to their non-Catholic neighbors concerning the parochial school system. Let them know that it is the *tradition* of American education. It is yours and mine.

*If you want to make converts,  
take a lesson from the author.*

## Hints on Making Converts

Jane Howes

When I was new in the Church, I set out zealously to convert the rest of the world. I talked to people, in season and out of season: I wrote a book which Catholics praised highly. But when, at a meeting I attended recently, a woman asked for advice on convert-making, I sat quietly in my corner and pretended I wasn't there.

"We are so often told that we must all be Christophers and carry Christ to those who do not know Him," she said, "and that we must all make converts: but I've tried it and I never get anywhere. I don't seem to know how to do it. Can any of you tell me the right approach?"

### God's Part and Ours

That is one of the hardest questions I have ever heard. But my own repeated failures have taught me something. This is it.

There are two parts to the problem. The first is, that we do not make converts. God makes converts. The second part is that He does it through us. Unless the first

point is understood and kept in mind, all we can do is get in His way. Our Lord said, "No one can come to Me unless the Father draw him," and, "No one can come to Me unless he is enabled to do so by My Father." The only foolproof method of making converts is prayer. St. Thomas More tried to convert his son-in-law, Roper, by argument and eloquence: he failed. He tried again by prayer and silence, and succeeded. Who are you and I to succeed by our own efforts when St. Thomas More failed? If we do anything at all it must be because God chooses to use us.

Do you remember Jean Cocteau's simile about "gloves of heaven"? If we are chosen to be gloves, let us never forget Whose Hand is inside doing the work. If God speaks through us, let us add nothing to what He says. Most of us in our zeal want to talk on and on and on,

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Jane Howes, convert from Oakland, California, author of *Slow Dawning*, the account of her conversion, has years of personal experience in the handling of the problem she writes of here.



tell all we know and think we know in one session, and complete a conversion on the day it started. We must let God do the work, and give Him time. Listen to what you are saying, sometimes, and see whether it sounds like God talking. Is it wise and sympathetic, patient and loving? Or have you put yourself into it, with all your pride and impatience and lack of charity and all your stupidities and prejudices in the foreground?

### **Sow a Seed**

God knows the right approach to non-Catholics. He knows the weak spots in their armor. Do we? Or do we start talking before we know what they will listen to? If you don't tackle people where they are interested, you might as well save your breath. It might be better to spend the first hour listening, trying to find out what the non-Catholic is thinking and what his outlook is. Study the non-Catholic and find a point of sympathy, a mutual interest. When you have found it, say something, as casually as possible, and then "leave it lay." Drop a seed and let it send out a root and a sprout. The non-Catholic may ask questions then and there: if so, of course, answer if you can. But don't talk him to death, trying to teach him everything in one long lecture. Remember, God will complete the work in His own time and way, if we don't spoil it.

Oh, but you want to do it all yourself? You and God alone? God doesn't work that way: never forget it. Remember the good Jesuit proverb, "A great deal of good can be done in the world if one is not too particular who gets the credit." The word you say, the seed you plant, may bear fruit years later and the convert may thank someone else for being the human agency in his conversion. That doesn't matter. God used many people in my conversion, and most of them never knew it. They thought they had failed with me. No. The only failure is to trip people up or scare them away.

### **Broad as the Church**

Don't be narrower or stricter than the Church. The Church is catholic. Keep that word in mind—catholic. If you think people who don't like your way of thinking are beneath contempt, don't talk to them until you have broadened out a bit and learned to allow for those who were not made in *your* image. I don't know how to talk to people who do not like to learn and study, who are not eager for the truth, but who prefer to approach God by the way of love alone. But that is a way in, and there are Catholic guides for that way. I recommend Brother Lawrence, and keep my mouth shut.

On the other hand, once, when a non-Catholic said he didn't believe in miracles and so thought that any book which related miracles must be

telling lies, a Catholic laughed contemptuously. Don't do that! If you do not understand and appreciate why the non-Catholic has that viewpoint, don't talk to him at all. If you think non-Catholics are simply idiots, you have no right to try to teach them, and you'll surely fail if you try. Ask yourself what you would know if you had been born outside the Church's family. Try to understand the viewpoint of the non-Catholic. Read *The Good Pagan's Failure*. Read convert narratives. That way you can learn to understand the non-Catholic viewpoint without risking your own faith. You must understand your opponent before you can argue with him, or you'll be shooting wide of the mark.

How do you feel when people attack our Church when they know nothing about it, when they are attacking things that are not in our Church at all? You think they should know something about the Church before they attack it, don't you? You think, if they must attack, they should attack it for what it is, and not for what it never was, is or will be? Treat non-Catholics the same way: find out, first, what they really do think and why. No two of them think alike, no two have been taught the same things: so take time to measure your opponent—or you'll be the loser. You can't make converts by insulting others or by glorifying yourself. And you'd better not try talking at

all, if you can't stop when you have said enough.

### Censor Helps

Books are safest for several reasons. Study books and lend them. They have been censored—a tremendous thing in their favor. We may say the wrong thing in an unguarded moment or out of the depths of our unsuspected ignorance. Books which have been passed by the censor are not the mines of misinformation that many zealous Catholics unfortunately are. Books that have been censored are safe. They won't mislead the non-Catholic and will seldom offend him, because they rarely give contemptuous laughs or scoldings, and even if they did, it would be impersonal. But if people won't read books—non-Catholics are usually much better readers than Catholics—you must do the best you can in conversation.

Above all, don't be afraid to admit that there are things you do not know, that you will have to look up or inquire about. But be sure of your ground before you say that you do know. Zeal never takes the place of knowledge. Remember Father Sheerin's *Misinformation Centers* in the March INFORMATION! Convert-makers must constantly review and study. Even then, the Church will always know more than you do. Don't try to pretend you know it all. Keep reminding yourself that the Church knows more than you

ever will. Tell the non-Catholic so: he will be glad to hear it.

It was a humbling, even a humiliating experience for me to realize how little effect *Slow Dawning* had on my non-Catholic friends and acquaintances. No. The point is, if you don't tackle people where they are interested, you might as well save your breath. But anyone who shows an interest, even an enmity, is worth a hope and a prayer and a word. If non-Catholic people have no interest at all in the Church, we must wait for God to touch and waken them. God can do it: we can't. It is no use to try. All we can do is set a good example, and pray. Most of us think it is more fun to teach and argue: but that is not the aim or end of our work, to have fun or to give ourselves glory. Be quiet, be good, pray hard, and love God. If people do not listen to you, God plans to use someone else to help

them. You are not the right one. But if people seem interested and yet violently opposed to the Church, that's your chance, but watch yourself!

### Greatest Convert-Maker

God makes the converts. If He lets us help, if He calls others through us, let us try to be worthy instruments. We must, above all things, set good example. My friends and acquaintances would be converted by now, perhaps, if they didn't know me so well and see so clearly that I am not yet much like a saint. We must be patient, humble, and loving, if we are to show others that God is with us, if we are to lead others to God.

"Of myself I can do nothing," said the greatest convert-maker of all, "but I can do all things in God Who strengthen me." That is a secret that pays off.



*You never realize how the human voice can change until a woman quits scolding her husband and answers the phone.—  
Neal O'Hara, quoted in "The Sign."*



*Spring—1948—*It was Rogation Day, and throughout all of America the prayer was spoken that the fields bring forth great abundance. It was not only that Americans needed the wheat, the barley, the oats—it was Europe, the French and the Germans, and the Italians: Asia was the same: India, China, Japan needed the grains. Even Russia.



**Farmer Gene Kraemer**

**tests his grain—**

**best in his lifetime.**

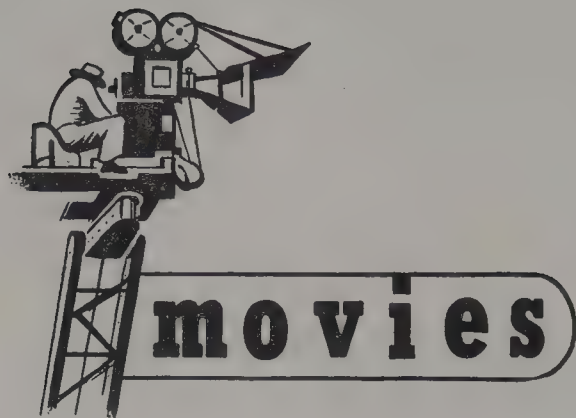
*Acme.*



*Edward T. Monroe.*

**Rogation Day—Monks from Portsmouth Priory in Connecticut  
asked God's Blessing on the fields.**

*Autumn—1948—*The Agriculture Department put it all in numbers of tons and bushels and bales. It was  $3\frac{1}{2}$  billion tons of corn:  $1\frac{1}{4}$  billion tons of wheat: 15 million bales of cotton: 1948 is the year of the great yield: no previous year has equalled it. The harvest has been provided. It means in human terms that people *should* not go hungry this winter, either in Europe or Asia. God answered the prayer.



FROM HOLLYWOOD,  
LORD,  
DELIVER US.

Mary Sheridan Nolan

After some weeks of vacation, this reviewer has crowded a large number of films into the last few days. Starting with a fresh viewpoint, and the hope that springs eternal, my overall reaction is one of disappointment. Some of the most loudly touted productions fall far short of what their press agents had encouraged us to expect.

#### **Ghoulish—Macabre—Dull**

High on the list in this category are *Rope* and *The Loves of Carmen*, both of which have had more than average advance publicity. *Rope* is the Alfred Hitchcock thriller, of which great things were predicted. A new technique has been introduced in the telling of this story—it is presented continuously, without cuts. For one hour and twenty minutes, we watch sadistic youths commit murder, entertain at a cocktail party while the victim is concealed in a chest which serves as the table

for their bounteous feast. The events, from the crime to the killers' apprehension, transpire and are unfolded in 70 minutes: all of which takes 80 minutes on the screen. Though this macabre melodrama sounds like something guaranteed to chill, it fails miserably. In fact, it can be best described as dull or tedious, with sustained suspense missing. The ghoulish history of a pair of abnormal murderers is not worth the effort spent on its recording. Hitchcock's new style is unique and interesting: his use of color is novel: too bad it was not used on a worthwhile tale.

#### **Pulp—Wild West—a Flop**

As for *The Loves of Carmen*, that is like a colorful, luscious looking piece of fruit which proves all pulp. This feature is pictorially very pleasant. In fact, it has so much visual appeal that the color, costumes and rich backgrounds befuddle you:



you began to think there is something here. There isn't. Based on Prosper Merimee's original story of Carmen, this version dispenses with Bizet's music. Here is straight drama, bursting with Wild West mannerisms, revealed in dazzling technicolor. While the action involves chases with the law, robbery, fights and a series of romantic tie-ups, the picture is pedestrian, not at all disturbing emotionally. Audiences will fidget at Rita Hayworth, a beautiful but amateurish Carmen. She lacks fire, the passion, the stamina and power of a gypsy siren. Her spotless, unruffled appearance is ludicrous at times, particularly when

she emerges from the cave looking as though she just stepped out of a beauty salon. Glenn Ford fares little better as Don Jose. Sullen hero, he never quite comes off with his study of a *homo sapiens* torn with love. As Garcia, Victor Jory does a neat piece of overacting—he makes four touchdowns and four field goals with his acting as a bandit. *The Loves of Carmen* cost tremendous: publicity has been on a million dollar scale, but the result is just another disappointing effort.

### Operation Highjump

On the bright side of the current film ledger, and something high on every moviegoer's list, is *The Secret Land*. This documentary film of the U. S. Navy's recent expedition, "Operation Highjump," to the Secret Land of Antarctica is thrill packed from start to finish. Modern man's courage and fortitude is recorded in this dramatic saga. Nature is the heroine of the drama and she is depicted as a fascinating, temperamental and often a terrifying thing. The camera follows the affairs of one land and two sea groups sent out by the Navy to explore the hidden depths of Antarctica. Unbelievable adventures on sea, on land and in the air are magnificently recorded. How these groups fight the elements, the icebergs and other hazards, to arrive at their destination in the Bay of Wales is unfolded in exquisite technicolor. The building of

## RECOMMENDED

### FAMILY

A Date with Judy  
Easter Parade  
The Fugitive  
The Iron Curtain  
Melody Time  
The Search  
The Secret Land

### ADULTS

The Big Clock  
Hamlet  
The Naked City  
Sitting Pretty  
State of the Union  
The Velvet Touch

a city on ice, and the flights over the South Pole provide unusual interest and some tense moments. Admiral Byrd plays a big role in "Operation Highjump," while the history of the expedition is narrated by Robert Montgomery, Robert Taylor and Van Heflin. There is spectacular beauty in this offering, the actual photographs of polar phenomena defies description. Here is something certain to send you out of the theater with your emotions doing somersaults, for it is jammed with authentic drama and suspense.

#### **Definitely, Not Screen Material**

Because such a close association exists between an audience and what transpires on the silver screen, there are some subjects that should not be treated on celluloid. *An Act of Murder*, which concerns itself with euthanasia, is typical. This is the morbid history of a judge, who finding himself incapable of bearing the tragedy of watching his wife die gradually of a vicious disease, decides to kill her. Convinced that he is a murderer, the jurist gives him-

self up to the state, only to find that he was frustrated in his intention by the victim herself. Though a voice is raised against mercy killings, during the drama's unraveling, the general trend is sympathy toward those who would put the tortured out of misery, under some circumstances. *An Act of Murder* is well produced and convincingly acted, helping to make the presentation more dangerous and deadly. Who can say how a film like this might prey on the mental anguish of some watchers? The scene where the doctor describes the horrible symptoms and probable final agonies of the wife is a most disturbing one. Some might be tempted to believe that the husband chose the better way out. Euthanasia is no subject for cinema treatment. *An Act of Murder* is objectionable on moral grounds, for, though it offers some indictment of the evils portrayed, nevertheless it tends to justify suicide and mercy killings in some instances.

Of this current crop of films, words of praise can be offered for *The Secret Land* alone.

*Stones and sticks are thrown only at fruit bearing trees.—  
Saadi, quoted in "Magazine Digest."*

*Second of a series, the author takes you to Kentucky, for another picture of the growing Church.*

# Bluegrass Folly

J. G. E. Hopkins

At Vincennes, in what was to be Indiana, the Church appeared under French auspices. But a shoot of the English bough, so rudely broken off in the sixteenth century by Henry VIII and his political bishops, took early root in Kentucky. Beard Town, or Beardstown, or Bardstown, as it was variously called in the early days, was not the immediate place of settlement for Catholic emigrants from Maryland and the eastern seaboard. Generally, Catholic houses and farms centered upon the town and the first Bishop of the locality took his title from it. So, in any discussion of the seed-grounds of the Church in the United States, Bardstown, Kentucky, is outstanding.

## Civil Rights?

Lord Baltimore's Maryland refuge for persecuted Catholics maintained its original character for only twenty-odd years because from 1654 on, Maryland Catholics found themselves in a state of siege. After William Claiborne usurped authority

in the name of the Parliament of England, toleration became a thing of the past. Catholics were made subject to political disabilities and fines for Church attendance in the colony that had been founded for their relief. The return of Lord Baltimore to control of his colony in 1658 brought relaxation, but in 1689, under William and Mary, the Church of England was established in Maryland by law. Taxes had to be paid for support of Church of England ministers, in addition to the money, that was raised for support of Catholic churches and clergy. After 1718, so-called Test Oaths were exacted from electors, and Catholics were thus barred in conscience from voting for delegates to the Assembly and for magistrates. Catholics in Maryland were not free until the Bill of Rights was written into the Constitution of the United States.

## Fool's Gold

By 1785, many Catholic Marylanders had come to a double disgust



with their lot. Not only were they conscious of religious discrimination, but they were becoming increasingly aware of the limited opportunities for financial advancement in the long-settled and conservative tidewater. Good land, when it was not tightly held, was expensive. Besides, the economic outlook for Maryland was bad. Tobacco, the money-crop, killed fertile ground. Its culture demanded a continual expansion from farm to farm, while the older land was allowed to recover. This lavish kind of farming did not go with a poor man's purse.

### **Dark, Bloody . . .**

When the French tobacco monopoly forced the price down to a point where its culture became a losing proposition for the small farmer, sixty Catholic families from southern Maryland formed an association whose purpose was settlement on the frontier. It was new land, good land, cheap land, and a chance to maintain the integrity of their ancient Faith by settling within reasonable distances of one another! Some twenty of the families set out for Kentucky in 1785, cutting ties with eastern soil as old and deep as any in our history, risking the Indians, the fevers and the dangers of "the dark and bloody ground," hopeful that Father Carroll might find some priest to serve them in their new home.

Traveling with heavy baggage, they chose the well-marked road

through Old Town, Fort Cumberland, and followed in the footsteps of Braddock's soldiers, to Pittsburgh. From there on, they journeyed by flatboat; crude, rectangular rafts made of logs, with sides two to three feet high, with long oars or sweeps, fore and aft and at either side for steering and propulsion. Down the Ohio they went, on the high waters of the spring rise. So long as the river kept high, they were safe. So long as the flatboats kept to the thread of the stream, the lurking Indians ashore could do no harm. But woe to the boat that stranded, or that might be lured close in to shore and boarded.

The end of the river journey was Limestone, (now Maysville), Kentucky. From the mouth of Limestone Creek, a road ran some fifty miles into the back country, through Bourbon, Lexington and Harrodsburg. The destination of the first group of Marylanders, under the leadership of Basil Hayden, was a tract of land purchased at the head of Pottinger's Creek. Later emigrants went down the river as far as Louisville, came to Bardstown by way of Bullitt's Lick on Salt River.

### **Zeal Supplies a Lack**

The Catholic emigrants were fully in accord on one point. They would stay close enough together, so that they might combine forces in erecting and maintaining a church. Father Carroll, now Prefect Apos-

tolic, could do nothing as yet toward supplying a pastor for the Kentucky Catholics. He had only twenty-four priests to serve all Maryland and Pennsylvania, and it was not his policy to deprive existing parishes of clergy for the benefit of the frontier. He hoped that the zeal and piety of Europe might supply the lack, until he had sufficient vocations among young Americans and a seminary to train them.

#### • **Truck-patches**

In the new settlements, it was all labor. On Hardin's Creek, Cartwright's, Cox's Creek and the Rolling Fork, logs were cut and houses erected, all hands joining to help the work. Then the land had to be cleared. Trees were girdled, undergrowth grubbed up: the axe was constantly at work until a few acres had been prepared, the wooden plow set to work, and the corn planted. In the truck-patch, seeds were set out; seeds brought all the way from what had been home; pumpkins and turnips principally. The sheep and the cattle were carefully penned at night, for wolves and bears still prowled in Nelson County. For additions to the larder, there were wild turkeys and game. The creeks and rivers abounded in fish. Barley was found to give a good crop. Since all the families in the areas were acquainted, there was none of the terrible loneliness suffered by other emigrants, and that was an advantage. As for Indians, not until

nine years after the first Catholic settlements did the fear of Indian attacks disappear. In 1794, when Wayne crushed the tribes at the battle of the Fallen Timbers, hearts were lighter all through Kentucky and the Old Northwest.

#### **Whelan—a Capuchin**

The first priest came to the settlers at Pottinger's Creek in 1787. He accompanied a new group of Marylanders, led by Edward Howard. He was Father Charles Whelan, an Irish Capuchin, who had served as a chaplain aboard DeGrasse's fleet during the Revolution. He traveled all about the Bardstown area, administering the Sacraments and saying Mass at designated houses of individuals known as "church stations." But a rather violent series of differences of opinion between him and his parishioners obliged him to leave the Kentucky missions in 1790. He was succeeded in 1791 by Father William de Rohan or Roan, who happened along from eastern Tennessee and performed good work, (including the erection of a log and clapboard church on Basil Hayden's farm, the first in Kentucky) until he was superseded by Father Stephen Theodore Badin in 1794.

#### **First in America**

Father Badin had been ordained at Baltimore by John Carroll, now Bishop Carroll: he was the first Catholic priest to receive ordination in the





Bettman Archive

**The Catholics on the way to Bardstown took the road through Fort Cumberland into Pittsburgh.**

United States. Barely a year after his ordination, he found himself Vicar General for Kentucky, and virtually the entire clergy as well. For various reasons, he had left his first station near White Sulphur, in Scott County, and took up residence at Pottinger's Creek. The term "took up residence" is pretty much a figure of speech, so far as any of the early missionaries are concerned. One of Father Badin's reports to Bishop Carroll contained the following statement: "For twenty-two days I have been continuously on horseback sometimes night and day. I spent but two days in Scott—and on my return I found my fears realized—one of my parishioners had

died without assistance." In his booklet on the *Origin and Progress of the Kentucky Mission*, he explains how the priest, on arriving at a remote "station," might have to delay Mass until noon in order to hear confessions. Then, after Mass, he must catechize and instruct, read the burial service over graves, baptize infants and validate marriages. And when all this was done, he would ride off toward another station where, next day, the same procedure would be expected of him.

#### **Alone on a Frontier**

By the beginning of 1799, Father Badin was being assisted in his min-



istry by Fathers Michael Fournier and Anthony Salmon. The latter of these was pastor for the settlements at Bardstown and Hardin's Creek, and the neighborhood around them. But he died in November of 1799, and once more the responsibility for most of Kentucky fell on Father Badin. In 1803, Father Fournier died at Rolling Fork. And for seventeen months thereafter, Father Badin was the sole priest on the Kentucky frontier.

In 1805, early in July, Father Charles Nerinckx arrived to take Father Fournier's place at Rolling Fork. A short time after his arrival, Father Urban Guillet and his Trappist community took up residence near Pottinger's Creek. Meanwhile, Father Badin was pressing on Bishop Carroll, as he had been doing for a year or more, the need for a Bishop in Kentucky, as much to establish the Church with dignity as for the better administration of the territory.

### Center for Dominic

Yet another note was added to the Catholic life in pioneer Kentucky by the coming of the Dominicans. Father Edward Fenwick's first idea had been to found an American mother house of his order in his native Maryland. But as Father Badin remarked in a letter to Bishop Carroll, "as Kentucky was likely to be a center from which true religion would be disseminated in the western countries," Father Fenwick was persuaded

to organize the Dominican Province of St. Joseph in the late summer of 1806 in the vicinity of the old settlement at Cartwright's Creek. By May, 1807, twenty-two boys had been admitted to the Dominican college as students and six of these were preparing to take the habit.

### No Easy Job

Meanwhile the indefatigable seculars, Fathers Badin and Nerinckx, went their rounds, saying Mass, baptizing and administering the Sacraments, planning and building churches all through the area. It wasn't an easy life. Over and above the physical effort involved, there was the constant worry lest Catholics who lived off the beaten tracks be lost to the Faith. There were brushes with Protestant zealots who watched all this Catholic activity with jealous eyes; there were, to top it all off, occasional outbreaks of "trusteeism", with all its disedifying consequences. Church property was bought and sold with a cheerful disregard of canon law.

### Progress Without Comparison

On June 17, 1807, Bishop Carroll wrote formally to the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, recommending the erection of four new sees in his enormous, American jurisdiction. In consequence, *Baltimore* became an archdiocese, and *Boston*, *New York*, *Philadelphia* and *Bardstown* were named as its suffragan sees. As first Bishop of Bardstown, Rome named

Father Benedict Joseph Flaget, who was no stranger to the frontier.

Father Flaget had spent better than two years at Vincennes before his recall to the east. When news of his appointment reached him, he was teaching in St. Mary's College, Baltimore, and never did man resist honors with more effort than he did. Although he was morally certain of his own unworthiness, no one else in the world seemed to agree with him. He journeyed to France, to make his plea directly to his Superior, the famous Father Emery of the Sulpicians, and was met with the stern greeting, "My lord Bishop, why are you not in your Diocese?" At last, when shown proof that the Holy Father himself had directed his choice for the post, he gave in. Accompanied by several volunteers for the mission from France, and by his old colleague and friend Father John Baptist Mary David, he made his way to Bardstown and began his episcopal reign in a log "palace", sixteen feet square, whitewashed on the inside, and furnished with a bed, two tables, some book shelves and six chairs.

### **Staggering with Legacies**

In 1811, when Bishop Flaget began his work, Bardstown diocese included the states of Kentucky and Tennessee, and, pending new developments, the entire Northwest Territory. Under direction of Father David, a seminary began at once. The new Bishop acutely realized that

the first need of the Church on the frontier was priests. Secular education was not forgotten. Almost as soon as he arrived, he discussed with Father David the possibility of securing teaching sisterhoods for parochial schools. In 1812, Father David was responsible for the founding of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth; the community took up residence in a log house near the seminary, and under Providence expanded its activities as a teaching and benevolent society. Shortly before this foundation, Father Nerinckx had founded the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross, a community which Bishop Flaget described as "the most valuable legacy which good Mr. Nerinckx had left to the diocese." And as a result of this educational endeavor of Catholic sisterhoods, Kentuckians were taught by example that the Church had nothing to hide—for there were no such schools under public or Protestant auspices, until late in the Forties.

### **The Idyll Ends**

Out from Bardstown, Kentucky, radiated the Faith in the person of the Bishop; riding now to St. Louis, now to Detroit; now to an Indian conference, now to discuss the carving out of yet more and more Sees from the original jurisdiction of Bardstown. For as Cincinnati, Vincennes, Detroit, Dubuque, Nashville, were successfully erected and manned, the little county-seat of Nelson County shrank more and more

in importance. At last in 1841, the Bishop moved to Louisville. "The city of Louisville on the Ohio," Father Nerinckx had written in 1807, "where there is much trade and wickedness, where there are few catechisms bought, few confessions heard,

but plenty of curses uttered," had become in the American way a metropolis. The frontier idyll was over, and the inevitable flux of American life condemned Bardstown, as it had so many other points of beginning, to be only a name and a memory.



## Have You a Homemade Handcar?

*There are a lot of Catholics, on the right track, who want to make the Church a greater force for good in the lives of the laity. But sometimes their enthusiasm for their own pet projects makes them petulantly scornful for others' means to the same good end.*

*These people are messing up the schedule by confusing their own homemade handcars with the long through train of the Church, the long train that stretches from Peter, Linus, Clement down to Pius XI, and Pius XII.—Frank Sullivan in "Tidings."*



# MARRIAGE AND HOME

## *Battle In Babyland*

James McVann

"We are engaged in a war against the child, surely the most fearful and morbid and destructive and unnatural crusade of which the rational animal is capable."

—*Boston Pilot.*

The war now waged in the name of planned parenthood and progressive sex education is difficult to plot. Very likely the high command among the birth controllers has a plan of campaign. But many factors of opposition on the one hand, and of unexpected aid on the other, change the development of battle. The following notes are an index of the struggle to destroy the Christian law on the Source of Life.

### **London.**

Now that world unions are the rage, the birth controllers have made their own bid to become ecumenical. Their International Congress on Population and World Resources in Relation to the Family, (quite a title, isn't it?) held last summer at Cheltenham, England, set up a four-nation (U. S., England, Holland, Sweden) committee with its permanent secretariat in London. The

Congress hailed this step with their usual Malthusian mouthings. "This crucial period in our world of insecurity" (Mrs. Sanger), "menace of a growing world population with a falling world food production," (Mrs. Moya Woodside): such weepings.

### **Boston**

Balked in the state legislature, the Planned Parenthood League of Massachusetts enlisted 8,000 new signatures (in addition to 80,000 already obtained) to get a referendum in the coming state elections. Bay Staters will vote on this issue: "Shall properly qualified physicians be allowed to prescribe medical contraceptive care to married women only, for the protection of the mother's life or health?" For the referendum the League claims support from over half the resident members of the Massachusetts Medical Society and from

over a thousand of the state's clergymen.

### St. Louis

When the Planned Parenthood Association of St. Louis County got a permit for rent-free use of a public health center, Catholics and Lutherans of the country combined to oppose them. Representatives of 125,000 Catholics were joined by Rev. Eugene Bertermann as spokesman for 50,000 Lutherans, in a protest that succeeded in holding up the use of the center as a birth-control clinic.

### Brooklyn

In an open letter to the Brooklyn *Tablet*, Mr. Paul Blanshard, the *Nation's* favorite son, called on the Church in America to democratize itself by taking into account the majority opinion of its members on fundamental doctrine. Accordingly, says he, it should withdraw its bold opposition to birth-control. Because, if a recent magazine poll is a true index, "the overwhelming majority of Catholic women in the United States reject the priestly doctrine condemning contraception."

### Manhattan

The poll from which Mr. Blanshard makes his deduction appeared in the July *Woman's Home Companion*. As is its wont on public questions, the magazine mailed a questionnaire on birth control to 2,000 readers. In passing we must say that the report

of the *Companion's* findings will vex anyone who tries to analyze it. In the first place, no mention is made of how many sent in replies—an important item in sampling public opinion. Second, no care is taken to specify that all those who identified themselves as Catholics were *Roman Catholics*: nowadays one can insist on the specification, since it is well known that some members of the Protestant Episcopal Church style themselves Catholics. Third, the reader has no chance to check even the basic tabulation, for questions are not set out with their answers or the number who answer in a certain fashion. Now to return to our main business with the *Companion* report. Though it does say that a majority of Catholics who replied favor birth control, the statement is not warranted from the proof offered, namely that four-fifths of Catholic answerers think that birth-control information should be made available to some extent. This may sound like a fine-drawn distinction, but it is a valid one just the same. Whatever misty conclusions may be made from the *Companion* survey, it offers nothing to substantiate the astonishing surmise of Mr. Blanshard.

### Manhattan, Again

For its August choice the book-of-the-Month Club went all out for William Vogt's *Road to Survival*. The author, after showing the wasteful exploitation of the world's ma-

terial, boldly suggests a ten-year moratorium in births as a means to economic recovery. Not even the most reckless hierophant of planned parenthood has come up with such a feverish notion. It was apropos Mr. Vogt's proposal that the Boston *Pilot* says the bitter line that forms the banner of our piece; the *Pilot* adds, "From now on, since the scientists have entered the lists, it is treason to procreate the race—treason to three-squares per day."

## Round Two a Draw

A year ago Mrs. Vashti McCollum presented herself to the law as the aggrieved mother of an embarrassed child. Now it is transparent that she is in reality a crusader for atheism. Last January she obtained from the Supreme Court a decision prohibiting the public schools of Champaign, Illinois, to permit the use of their property and facilities by religious groups in release-time classes. In August, Mrs. McCollum went to Judge Watson of the Circuit Court of Champaign County for a court order to implement the high tribunal's decision. What she wanted was an interpretation of the January judgment broad enough to stop religious classes of all types through the nation, on or off public school property. Judge Watson gave her no such decision. His writ of mandamus simply directed the Champaign County schools to make and enforce rules that would bar religious

instruction in the "manner heretofore conducted"—a step already taken by the schools after the decision of the Supreme Court. Said Mrs. McCollum: "I am right back where I started from three years ago."

## Political Headache . . .

The National Education Association, strongest teacher group in the country, has pulled all along for the Taft Federal-aid-to-education bill. The bill would assign \$300 million to education. Archbishop McNicholas, as chairman of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has condemned the bill as discriminatory against two and a half million Catholic children; it would give aid to parochial schools only in such states (hardly any) where such aid is legal. The N. E. A. (Not the American Federation of Teachers, which endorses Federal aid for all children, public or non-public) has pressed both major-party presidential candidates for their stand. Candidate Truman assured them that he favored Federal aid, and has urged Congress to pass it, but he took no stand on the Catholic objection. So far Candidate Dewey has refused to state his position on Federal aid itself, much less on the parochial school issue.

## . . . and an Aspirin

In this impasse we recommend for the serious consideration of our lawmakers a set of articles in the N. C. W. C. News Service on the



history of the Family Allowance Act passed by the Canadian Legislature in 1944. By it every child under sixteen receives from the Dominion government a grant that averages \$5.91 a month, to assist families in the keep and education of their children. Under the act the currently monthly bill to the Dominion is upward of \$23 million. Those who fought the measure argued that it would favor Catholic Quebec. In fact Quebec, which pays 34 per cent of the national taxes, gets 33 per cent of the Family Allowance Fund.

## Hitler's Children

The worst harm Nazism did to Germany was the religious ruin of its youth. Father Keller's popular sheet, *The Christophers*, passes on some figures given in the Dresden-Protestant weekly *Der Sonntag*. Of 700 children asked "Who is Jesus Christ?", seven per cent of city children and one per cent of suburbanites could answer. Of 163 children asked the meaning of Christmas, only 13 linked it with the birth of Christ. Only 13 out of 480 suburban children said any prayers.

## Save Our Own

Commenting on this ruin, *The Christophers* says that a process of despiritualization no less devastating goes on in our own country. "Millions of children are being deprived, just as effectively as the innocents under the Nazis, of all knowledge of

Christ." To restore religious ideals in education, *The Christophers* calls on half a million of the best parents of America, each to encourage one child to consecrate his life to teaching.

## Top Career

Two high authorities plead the cause of marriage as a career. At a London gathering, the International Congress on Mental Health, Dr. John M. Murray of Boston said that owing to domestic troubles springing from the war, and to economic independence, many women forget that "woman's role is to have babies and to rear babies, thus performing her normal biological function." And Clare Boothe Luce (according to Doris Blake of the *New York News*) bids American women anxious for a career to look on marriage as the highest expression of their talents. Far from being doomed to drudgery and frustration, says Mrs. Luce, "Today's wife and mother is not only a proficient housewife, she is a proficient companion and mind-mate of her husband. She is the reader of the newspapers and journals that interest him, and she is an even more efficient teacher of some subjects to her children than any of their school mistresses."

## Roman Rota

The Vatican Rota in 1947 tried 78 marriage cases: it nullified 43, rejected 35. Free trials were given to 18.

# Youth Must Have Its Fling

Rebecca West Reports from Philadelphia

"At the Wallace convention there were quite a number of young people who were very horrible indeed. There were the ones who were embryo Babbitts, having their fling before they settled down to safe and narrow lives, stupid young people, too stupid to understand how the world is run and that the present system, for all its faults, took a great deal of patient and intelligent effort, and who therefore wrote off the whole of the past with a sneer: and who were so smug that they saw their own sneering as idealism.

## Restless Women

"There were others who wore on their faces the signs of more serious adjustment. I never saw so many girls with the restless look on their faces that comes of profound insecurity, of consciousness that neither their physical or mental resources were adequate and that they must create a personality somehow, by revolt if nothing else turned up. I never saw so many boys with the sullen eyes and the dropped chins which mean a brain just good enough to grasp the complexities of life and to realize that it would never be able to master them.

## 1949 Flunks

"The youth at the Wallace convention was not intelligent. It might have been staged as a presentation of the students most likely to flunk in 1949.

"What happens to them, to those woolly wits and those sad boys and girls who have known the excitement of mass demonstrations but have fallen out with the too strict organization which

arranged these demonstrations for them. Well, it could be that the same thing will happen to them that happened to the poor quality masses which the Communists organized in Germany and which could not meet the heavy demands made on them by the organization. They just followed new leaders who offered them the same opportunity for mass demonstrations on easy terms, and so the vileness of Nazism was engendered."

*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

## *Slander, said the "Tribune" Readers . . .*

"I personally know many of the boys and girls whom she labels 'stupid,' 'unintelligent,' etc. May I tell her that far from being the failures she thinks they are, they are unusually alert fine young people and exceedingly well read. They are the kind who know and love good music, prefer intelligent English and Continental films to Hollywood's tawdry concoctions and are devotees of the Museum of Art.

"There has been much comparison lately of the present post-war generation with that which followed the first world war. Which would you rather have? The hurt and disillusioned youth of the jazz age, who carried hip flasks, or fled when they could to expatriation in Europe or a youth whether you agree or not with their political views, who can be excited about housing, prices, poll taxes."

*Martha Foley.*

"Miss West begins by describing the young delegates as 'horrible'—a word which, in this particular context, has more of a tea-at-Schrafft's quality than we have come to expect from Miss West's sturdy intellect.

"To Miss West, the young delegates looked horrible. But how did Miss West look to the young delegates. Did they find her the tastiest arrangement of protoplasm their sullen eyes had ever lit upon?

"How for that matter does Miss West look to anybody? young or old, political or non-political. . . . One assumes, of course, that Miss West's own chin is undropped and unimpeachable. It is, at any rate, the structure with which she leads."

*Margaret Halsey.*

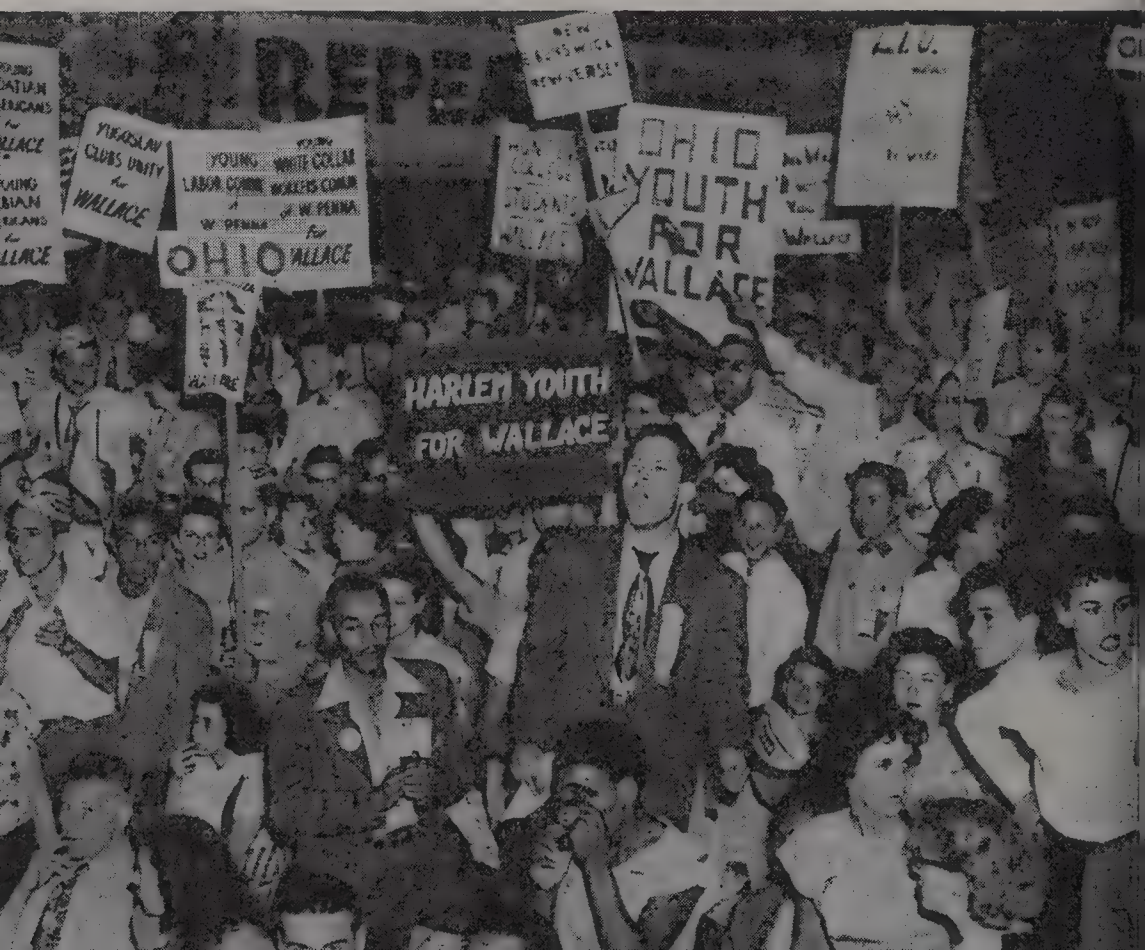
## *. . . it's one vast, calamitous, mistake*

"That, Dear Lady, is no accident. We spend millions of dollars to effect it. We hold conferences, write and read and listen to



papers, publish magazines, and books, conduct surveys, send out questionnaires, and pay whopping salaries to experts in order to bring it about. There are our premises: that the past, all of it, is one vast, ludicrous, and calamitous mistake from which nothing can be learned: that the so-called accomplishments of the past were crimes and blunders: that the present is the threshold of the golden age: that the young people of the present by innate virtue, are the makers of a glorious, shadowless future. We teach our young people to sneer at the past. We teach them that ignorance and egotism are idealism. We teach them that anyone old enough to have false teeth is a fool or a Fascist. We teach them that nihilism which makes them the ready prey

**Shibe Park protest  
by the college group  
at the Progressive convention.**



Acme.

of such promoters of irrationality, immortality and slavery as the controllers of the Wallace movement.

### **I Study Sodas**

"That remark about the 'students most likely to flunk in 1949' indicates just how ill-informed Miss West really is. Obviously, she has never heard of the college courses in comparative methods of doughnut making, soda-fountain service, and ballroom dancing. Her criteria, evidently, are based on education worthy of free and responsible men. Nothing could be more relevant. Please, get it through your head, Miss West, that we are deliberately producing grist for the totalitarian mill.

John S. Kennedy.

## ***But, definitely . . .***

"I shared with Miss West the impression of distinctly disagreeable characteristics.

"Two of these were self-righteousness and impertinence. I already have spoken of the admonition of one young woman that I 'tell the truth' with the obvious implication that this was not my usual pursuit. When Paul Robeson appeared, a crowd of young women, who had poured into the press field, greeted him with delighted shrieks. I remarked good-humoredly to Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick on Mr. Robeson's power to induce ecstasy: whereupon, a young woman, who was crowded against me, hissed into my face, 'He's a great deal better than you are'—a comparison which had never entered my head.

### **Barbershop by Taylor**

"Another characteristic was their avid response to hatred. A fourth was susceptibility to sentimentality: and a fifth was an extraordinary lack of humor. Although these young people 'joined hands with their Negro fellow countrymen,' they gave frenzied applause to speeches spitting class hatred: yet they mooned in delight at Senator Taylor's barbershop rendition of 'I Love You As I've Never Loved Before.'"

Dorothy Thompson.

### *... Besides, it includes "us."*

The most successful caricaturist of the twenties was John Held, Jr. His best cartoon was certainly the one depicting the wide-trousered, coon-skinned coated, pipe smoking, flask-carrying male that appeared in the old *Life* in 1925. Underneath the cartoon was the line: "One mother, one father, one tonsil-expert, four general practitioners, three trained nurses, five governesses, fifty-six ordinary teachers, thirty-two professors, and three athletic trainers combined their efforts to produce this." That was 1925. Today, the picture has changed, and Rebecca West, reporter extraordinary and English-born, takes over John Held's task, and gives a sketch of American youth at a convention. (Cf. p. 472.)

#### **Disgust and Ennui**

Perhaps, there would have been no need to comment on the matter. John S. Kennedy, logical, penetrating, shows clearly that we modern Americans are working on the premise that the past, all of it, is one vast ludicrous, and calamitous mistake, from which nothing can be learned. Naturally, from such thinking springs a vast unrest, a distaste for any of the experience and views of those somewhat older than the relative age of youth, and a consequent lethargy and ennui, since the task is too large. The picture shows Lee Pressman surrounded by a sample of what Miss West so graphically describes. It is filled with strange oddities, snarling lips, vague stares and sneers.

#### **Revolt—New Style**

That the infection is deeper than we think can be seen from the recent Congressional investigations in Washington on Communist activity. There the picture changes and the principals involved take on the air of respectability. Now, it's not just the dropped-chinned variety that Dorothy Thompson wonders about, but, it is also the clean-cut, well-dressed, magazine-styled college graduate that enters. The general lack of principles, the disgust for tradition, the rootlessness of personalities, the ready acceptance of novelty, the glibness of reply—all of it stands as a serious challenge to the country. Party platforms, foreign problems, taxation seem small cheese against the above background.



### **Malcontents at Bargain Prices**

However, what worries us, and makes us wonder is that the morning after the youth rally in Shibe Park, present at Mass and Communion rails in Catholic churches were many of the participants from our picture. In the scene of the Catholic Church in America, are many of the same elements, many with the same background, all with views pretty much wired along the same currents as those of our picture. In fact, American Catholic education has slipped into somewhat the same pattern that John S. Kennedy holds responsible for the secular crisis. As a result we have raised a large batch of malcontents, all of whom have many of the characteristics pointed out by Miss Thompson. Self-righteous—impertinent—responsive to hatred—sentimental—lacking in humor. The pattern with them is pretty much the same as their secular counterpart: life is a matter of political slogans, and lack of enthusiasm among the hierarchy for their pet projects is material for sterile abuse. In fact, one wonders how the Church has succeeded down through the ages.

### **It's an Old Story**

This is not a gloomy complaint about all American youth. But, it does seem that the segment of Catholic young people from whom we should expect our leaders has been misled. There is no doubt that in our attempts to imitate the enthusiasm of secular political movements, we have picked up a lot of trash in the name of intelligence, and a quick examination of the nation's ills has resulted in the same glib, rootless, insecure attempts at improvement.

### **No Pets, No Tangents**

Fortunately, one of the Church's tests of dogma has always been its acceptance by a large burden of the Catholic family, and the nation is built on the traditional common sense of the American public. There is, no doubt, need of improvement in our current social and personal habits, but the deep common-sensed approach to a solution is what we need. One that does not lose its energies or its wisdom in tangents or pet projects, or paths that lead to violence and hatred. Just plain good judgment under the grace of God is the secret. We think, we hope that we can expect that from the stabile ordinary life of the American Catholic Church.

# EAST MEETS WEST

## Shanghai's Russian Underground

Msgr. Thomas J. McMahon

Frederick Wilcock was a dapper young theologue, fresh from England, when we first heard him lead a disputation at Rome's Gregorian University. But we hardly knew the Englishman when we met him quite accidentally at a reception in the Aurora University in Shanghai, China. His years in a Jap concentration camp had left their marks, and now Father Wilcock wore the long hair and beard of a priest of the Slav Byzantine Rite. He and three other Jesuits—Fathers Milner, Meyer and Brannigan—were running the little school for Russian boys, St. Michael's College, and they were using as their parish church for the Russian Catholics of the city the convent chapel of the Irish Columban Sisters, who have the Sancta Sophia School for Russian girls.

### Boys Will Be Boys

Father Wilcock was amazed but immensely pleased when he heard that Cardinal Spellman had set aside the next morning for a visit to the Russian Catholics. He hurried home to prepare a royal welcome. Father

Meyer prepared the little choir for a "moleben" or liturgical reception, and he was vested on the morrow to receive His Eminence according to the ancient rite of Byzantium. The boys were like any other boys, open, frank and joyous. It was a treat to be among them, and we thought of millions of children like them back in Russia, who would be happy were such a day theirs.

### God's Finger in Russia

Then we went over to the Irish Sisters, and lovely little girls sang their songs and made their gifts. Some of the graduates have returned to Soviet Russia, and as one wrote, they draw comfort, and strength from their religious ideals in facing the difficulties of the new life. They remember their convent chapel, crowding in most of the Russian Catholics in the entire city every

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Monsignor McMahon, national Secretary of the Near East Association, recently returned from a Far East trip with Cardinal Spellman, tells another story of how Russia will once again be united to Catholicism.

Sunday morning, and they must long for similar scenes in their homeland. Perhaps their prayers will bring them about.

### **Unity by Mannerism**

There is a considerable Orthodox community in Shanghai, and we were very happy to hear how good were the relations between themselves and the Catholics. So they should be all over the world, for even though Moscow has no tradition of union with Rome there is an authentic Slav Catholicism far older than the Orthodoxy of Moscow. That is why men like Father Wilcock have changed from the Roman Rite and become Byzantine Slavs down to the smallest mannerism. They are doing their part in reforging the unity of Christendom.

The Fathers and the Sisters of Shanghai are making immense sacrifices for their apostolate. Although the schools are of the best standards, the living conditions could be better and the needs are tremendous. With all the outward joy over the visit, we could see the marks of real travail on the faces of these exiles from home and country, still willing to live their lives out for the return of religion to a land they have never seen. God's blessing is on such a work and on all who give even a mite to continue it.

### **Flickers and Hopes**

Soon Father Meyer, who hails from Indiana, will be back among us for

further studies. His story will be more adequate than this one, but it is for us to admire the work of an old classmate and of the Sisters. They are running the only Russian schools in Asia, where the Church of God is held in honor. Their little light flickers and fails not and their labors give hope for the brightest of futures. In confused and confusing Shanghai they show forth the great things of God working in His ever beloved little ones.

### **Desertions and Hands**

For ten years now this work has gone on. The Fathers have hopes that from among the youngsters under their care will come authentic native Russian priests, and the Sisters long for vocations to their own community. In the Lord's good time it will be so, for Holy Russia is in the hands of St. Michael and Sancta Sophia, and Mary can never desert them.

### **Lamps That Flame**

We also like to think that good St. Patrick has his hand in this project, and that he is praying now just as hard as when he had the vision of the great light over Ireland which flickered and nearly failed. But his prayers brought the faith back to Ireland, and we ask him to do the same for every oasis of Holy Russia, so that the lamps before the icons of Shanghai's Russian Catholics may spread their flames to Russia itself.



# THE READER TALKS BACK

## INDICATE PRIEST AUTHORS?

DEAR EDITOR:

. . . I'm glad too that you do not designate your priest-authors as Rev. because the non-Catholic reader does not then hesitate to read the article.

Sister M. Gregory  
*Texarkana, Ark.*

DEAR EDITOR:

I notice that you just recently started to print the authors' names on the cover in capital letters. Would you now indicate whether the author is a cleric or not.

Joe Driscoll  
*Somerville, Mass.*

We agree with Sister and, besides, the fact of an article being authored by a cleric has no intrinsic effect on the article, which is our interest.—Ed.

DEAR EDITOR:

Your magazine has been interesting and enlightening. I happened across a copy of it in the Cathedral pamphlet rack. Incidentally, these racks in the vestibule or rear of the Church are a wonderful idea.

(Name withheld)  
*Baltimore, Md.*

On consulting our business manager, we find he thinks the same. Good business. As to the spreading of ideas, one of the best means that we have on hand.—Ed.

DEAR EDITOR:

Received the September INFORMATION today. It's a superb number:

I'm proud of it. No Catholic magazine ever jammed so much into so small a space.

(Name withheld)  
*Rome, Italy*

DEAR EDITOR:

After five years of internment I have been sent to work here in the Mission district of which Tezpur is the center. The English in residence here and the Indians are interested in the Church if we could contact more of them. Literature is the only means we have at present of doing this. I would appreciate any magazines, books, pamphlets that your readers could send me. Thank you.

Fr. H. Marochino, S.D.B.  
Catholic Mission  
*Tezpur, Assam, India*

DEAR EDITOR:

Enjoyed your piece on the *Heart of the Matter*, September issue. Agree fully with you on the *Heart* and the way it was sold to the American public. As you probably know it has been banned in Ireland. Also noticed that Cronin's *Shannon's Way* is leading the best seller list. Just beat the *Naked and the Dead*. However, the complaint rests just as heavily on Cronin as it does on Greene, even though they approach their writing from opposite directions.

Eve Ellis  
*Chicago, Ill.*

We have received many replies on the *Heart of the Matter*. To date, the vote stands heavily in favor of the opinion expressed in the article. Watch for the November issue, when we will print more on this.—Ed.

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